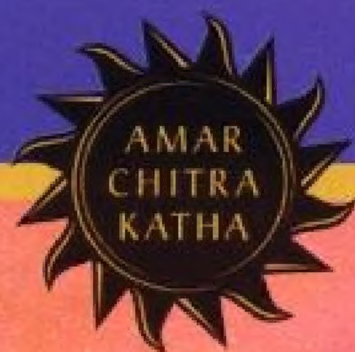
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Shivaji



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INDIA BOOK HOUSE

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SHIVAJI

IT WAS THE 19TH DAY OF FEBRUARY IN THE YEAR 1630. THE SUN WAS ABOUT TO SET, WHEN THE DRUMS IN THE FORTRESS OF SHIVNERI, IN MAHARASHTRA, PROCLAIMED THE NEWS THAT A SON WAS BORN TO JIJABAI. HER HUSBAND SHAHAJI WAS AWAY, FIGHTING BATTLES FOR THE SULTAN OF BIJAPUR.
FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS THE MARATHAS HAD BEEN UNDER THE SUPPRESSION OF FOREIGN RULERS. AT THE TIME OF SHIVAJI'S BIRTH, BESIDES THE SULTAN, THERE WAS THE GREAT MUGHAL EMPEROR OF DELHI AND THE NEGRO COASTAL KING, THE SIDDHI JOHAR.





WHEN SHIVA GREW TO BE A LITTLE BOY, SHAHAJI TOOK HIM TO BIJAPUR AND PLACED HIM UNDER A GREAT TEACHER, DADAJI KOND-DEO.










...AND RIDE.
SEE HOW HE RIDES!
BRAVO, SHIVA!


SHIVA HAD A SHARP AND INQUISITIVE MIND.
SIR, WHY DOES MY FATHER STAY AWAY FROM US?
YOU KNOW HE IS A GREAT WARRIOR. HE IS ALWAYS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

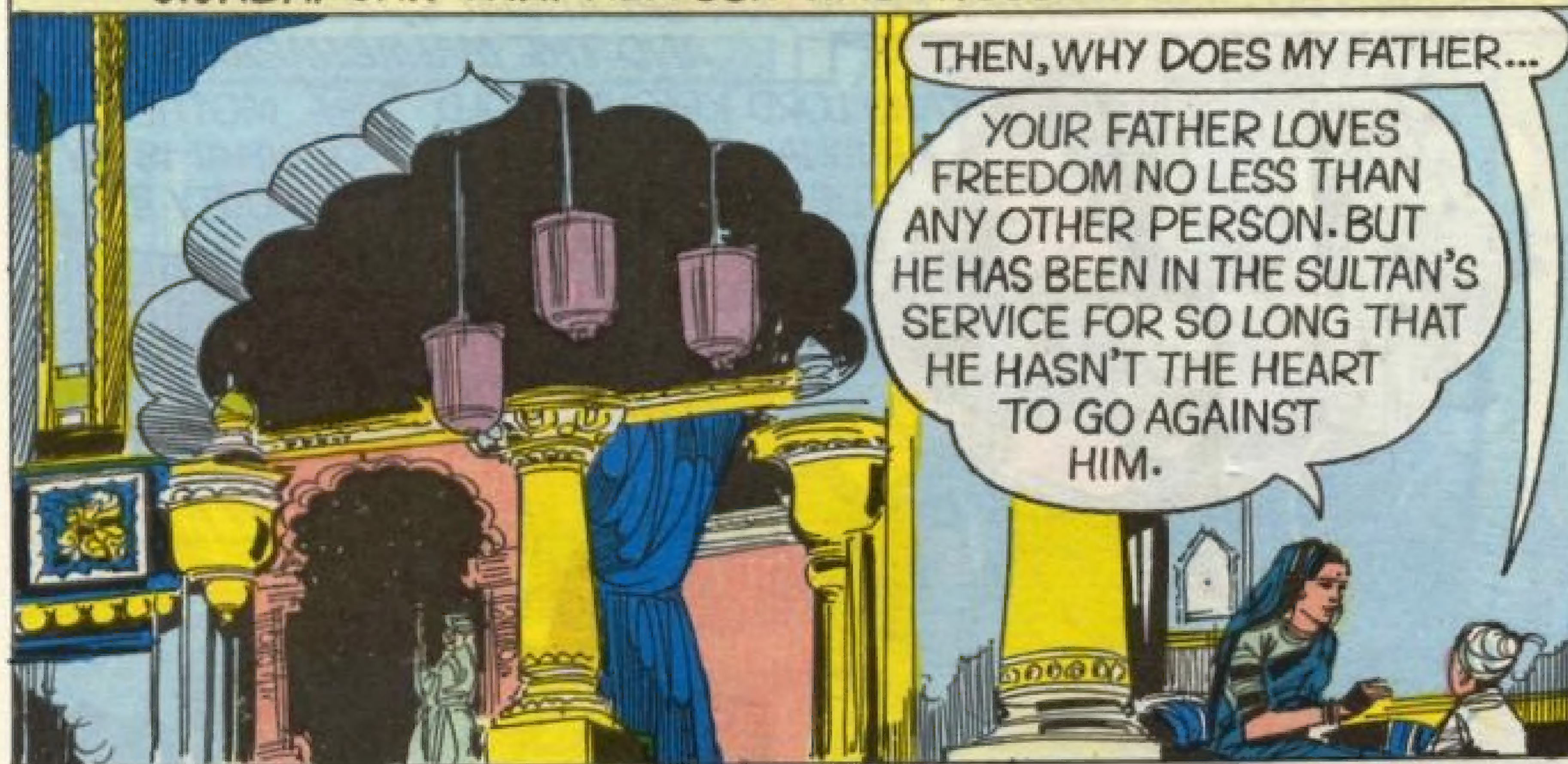

FIGHTING OTHER PEOPLE'S BATTLES? WHY HAS HE TO DO THAT? WHY?


JIJABAI TOLD HIM STORIES FROM OUR GREAT EPICS, THE RAMAYANA AND THE MAHABHARATA.
AND LORD KRISHNA TOLD ARJUNA — EVEN DEATH IN THE CAUSE OF ONE'S DUTY SHOULD BE DEAR TO A HERO'S HEART.
MOTHER, WHAT IS MY DUTY?


TO FIGHT FOR A FOREIGN KING BY THE SIDE OF MY FATHER? — OR TO FIGHT FOR MY PEOPLE AGAINST THE KING?


YOUR DUTY LIES IN FIGHTING FOR YOUR PEOPLE.


AGAINST THE SULTAN?
YES, IF NECESSARY!
I MUST TELL HIM WHAT I THINK IS RIGHT!


JIJABAI SAW THAT HER SON WAS TROUBLED.
THEN, WHY DOES MY FATHER...
YOUR FATHER LOVES FREEDOM NO LESS THAN ANY OTHER PERSON. BUT HE HAS BEEN IN THE SULTAN'S SERVICE FOR SO LONG THAT HE HASN'T THE HEART TO GO AGAINST HIM.


ONE DAY—
DADAJI, I MADE THE SULTAN APPOINT YOU THE COLLECTOR OF POONA!


YOU SHALL TAKE SHIVA AND HIS MOTHER WITH YOU.
VERY WELL, SIR.


SHIVA TRAVELLED LIKE A PRINCE.
THIS BEAUTIFUL LAND IS OURS! THESE GREAT FORTS SHOULD RIGHTLY BELONG TO US!


IN POONA, SHIVA MADE FRIENDS WITH THE SIMPLE STURDY BOYS OF THE SAHYADRI MOUNTAINS. THEY LOVED TO STAGE MOCK BATTLES.


WE SWEAR, WE SHALL NOT REST TILL WE HAVE WON OUR FREEDOM.

THOUGH APPOINTED TO COLLECT REVENUE, DADAJI BECAME THE VIRTUAL RULER OF POONA. RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE, SHIVA MADE BOLD PLANS.



THE FIRST IMPORTANT FORT SHIVAJI CONQUERED WAS TORNA.



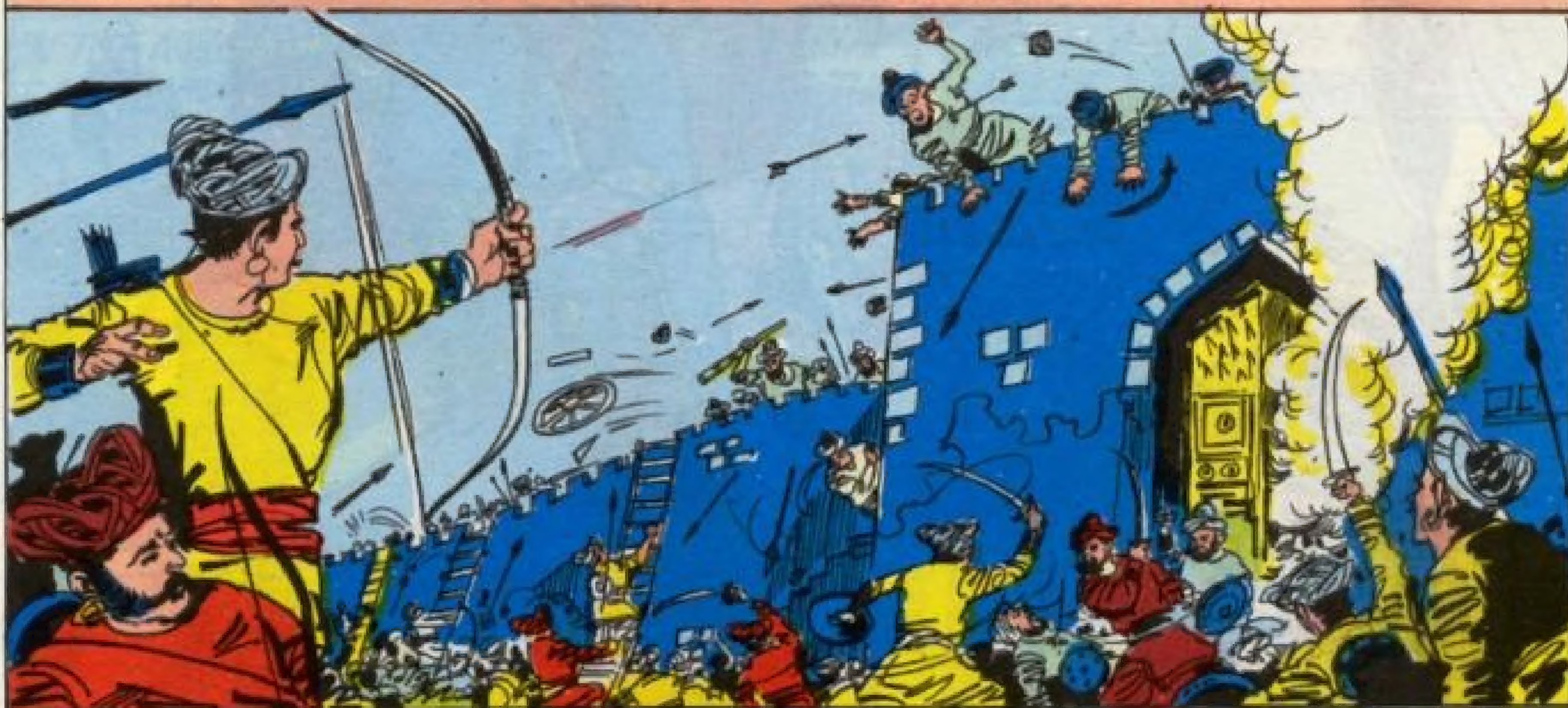


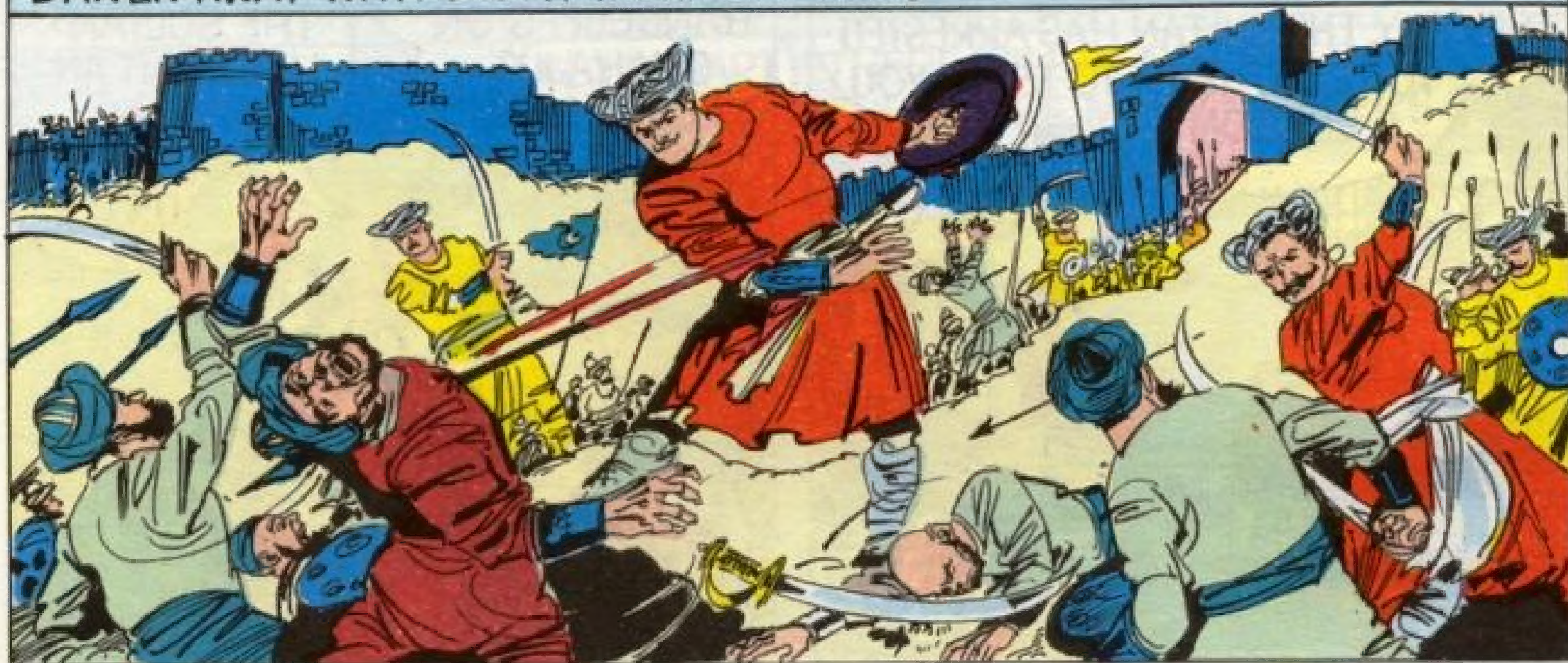

THE NEWS OF SHIVAJI'S ADVENTURES ANNOYED THE SULTAN.
THEY SAY. THE SULTAN HAS ARRESTED YOUR FATHER—TO TEACH YOU A LESSON.


AFZUL KHAN, THE WICKED COMMANDER, PUT HANDCUFFS ON SHAHAJI'S HANDS!
AND THE SULTAN HAS SENT AN ARMY TO ATTACK US!


MY FATHER A PRISONER! IT'S THE SULTAN WHO NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON!


WHEN THE ARMY APPROACHED, SHIVAJI WAS AT FORT PURANDAR.
GO AND MEET THE ENEMY.


SOME OF THE ENEMY TROOPS HAD ENCAMPED IN A SMALL FORTRESS. SHIVAJI'S FORCES ATTACKED AND DEFEATED THEM.


AND WHEN THE ENEMY TRIED TO ATTACK THE FORT AT PURANDAR, IT WAS DRIVEN AWAY WITH EVERY MEANS AT HAND.


THE SULTAN HAD LEARNT HIS LESSON.
RELEASE SHAHAJI! TREAT HIM WITH HONOUR!


BUT VENGEANCE WAS IN THE AIR. SOON AFZUL KHAN, BIJAPUR'S MIGHTY SOLDIER STARTED WITH A HUGE ARMY AGAINST SHIVAJI.
I WILL CATCH THAT MOUNTAIN RAT — DEAD OR ALIVE!

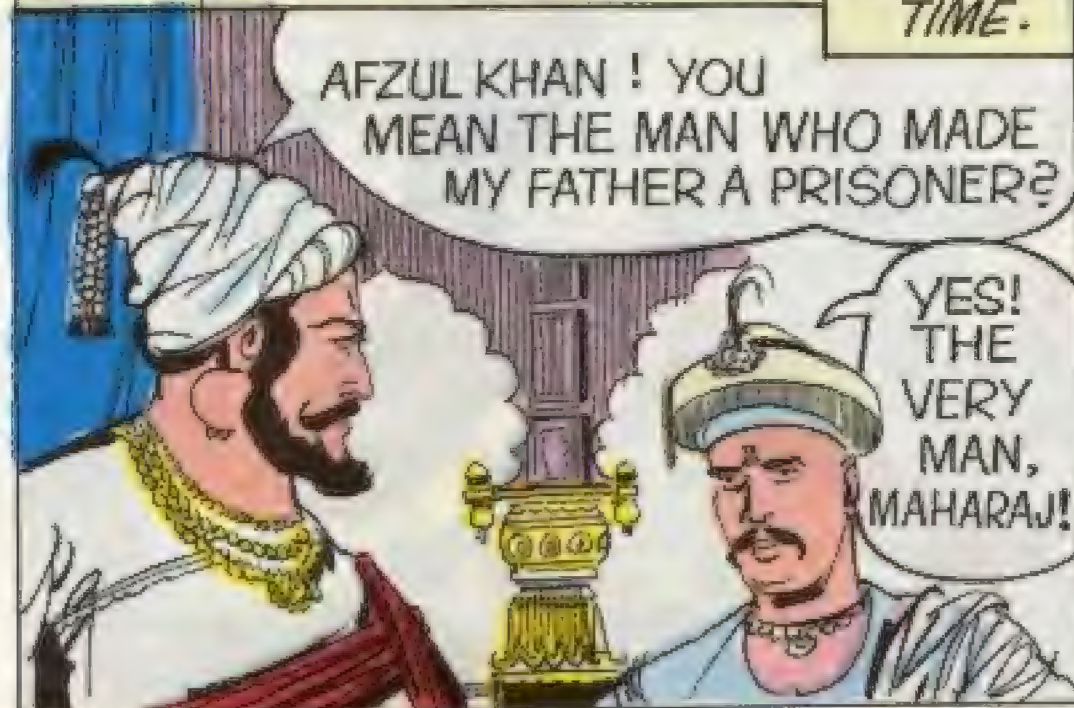
HE SWOOPED ON TOWNS AND VILLAGES SPREADING TERROR AND RUIN.



AFZUL KHAN'S ARMY THEN CAMPED IN THE MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT OF WAI, AND PLUNDERED THE SURROUNDING VILLAGES.



IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF WAI WAS PRATAPGADH WHERE SHIVAJI WAS STATIONED AT THE TIME.



SOON AN ENVOY FROM AFZUL KHAN ARRIVED.




SHIVAJI ACTED TACTFULLY—
THE KHAN IS LIKE A FATHER TO ME. WHY DOES HE FRIGHTEN ME WITH HIS MIGHT?


WILL YOU COME TO HIS CAMP?
NO, SIR! LET HIM COME TO PRATAPGADH. I'LL STEP DOWN THE FORT HALF WAY TO MEET HIM.

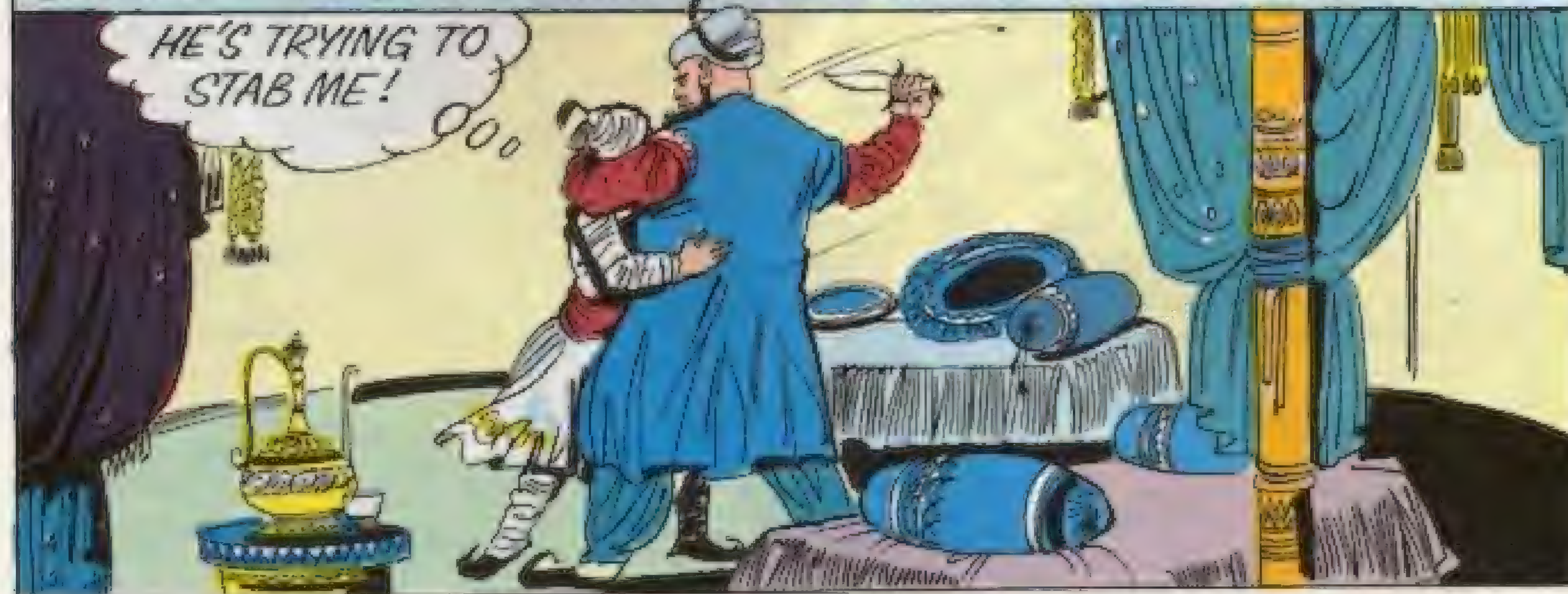

MEANWHILE SHIVAJI GOT DISTURBING NEWS.
YOU SAY THE KHAN WANTS TO KILL ME? I WILL BE PREPARED.


SHIVAJI WORE ARMOUR INSIDE HIS DRESS. HE PRAYED TO GODDESS BHAVANI.


THE GREAT KHAN CAME WITH TWO GUARDS IN HIS PALANQUIN.
DON'T BRING YOUR ARMY, SAID THE RAT! COWARD!


SHIVAJI WENT DOWN TO MEET THE KHAN WITH ONLY TWO GUARDS.


YOUR END IS NEAR!
COME, MY SON.


BUT AS HE EMBRACED SHIVAJI WITH A GREAT SHOW OF LOVE—
HE'S TRYING TO STAB ME!

SHIVAJI SEIZED THE KNIFE WITH HIS LEFT HAND AND RAISED HIS RIGHT HAND.



THE TIGER CLAWS ON SHIVAJI'S FINGERS PIERCED THE KHAN'S STOMACH.

YA ALLAH!





SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE JUNGLE THAT SURROUNDED THE FORT, WAVE AFTER WAVE OF MARATHA SOLDIERS POURED OUT – RAISING THEIR WAR CRY.

HAR HAR MAHADEO!

THE BATTLE THAT FOLLOWED LASTED TILL SUNSET.

THEY ARE RUNNING AWAY!

VICTORY IS OURS!

THERE WAS JUBILATION ALL AROUND.

WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE KHAN'S HEAD?

BURY IT ALONG WITH HIS BODY WITH FULL HONOURS.

WHAT A NOBLE MAN! HE DOESN'T WISH TO DISHONOUR A FALLEN ENEMY.


THAT WAS A NEAR ESCAPE, MY DEAR SON. THE BATTLE HAS ENDED, HASN'T IT?
YES, MOTHER. AND MUCH WEALTH TOO HAS FALLEN IN OUR HANDS.


IT WAS SHIVAJI'S HOUR OF VICTORY, AND HE TOOK FULL ADVANTAGE OF IT.
WE SHALL UNDERTAKE AN IMMEDIATE CAMPAIGN.


IT WAS A WHIRLWIND CAMPAIGN. IN THIRTEEN DAYS HE RODE OVER A THOUSAND MILES, EVERYWHERE DEFEATING THE ENEMY AND ENLARGING HIS KINGDOM.


FINALLY HE TOOK PANHALA, A FORT OF TREMENDOUS VALUE. AND THEN—
PANHALA IS OURS. BUT LOOK THERE, BAJI!
A SEA OF SOLDIERS HEADING TOWARDS US.


MAHARAJ, IT IS SIDDHI JOHAR, OUR ENEMY FROM THE SEA-COAST.
AND THE SEA-FARING ENGLISHMEN ARE HELPING HIM !


THE SIDDHI'S TROOPS SURROUNDED THEM. ALL EXITS WERE BLOCKED.


THE SIEGE WENT ON FOR MONTHS. THE MARATHAS DEFENDED THE FORT BRAVELY.
IT WILL RAIN ANY MOMENT NOW !


THE MONSOON BROKE WITH FULL FURY.
HOW LONG CAN WE GO ON LIKE THIS ?
I MUST BE TACTFUL NOW.


RUMOURS SPREAD. IN THE EVENING –
SHIVAJI IS THINKING OF GIVING UP THE FORT!
GOOD! AFTER THIS WE WILL TURN TO VISHALGADH!


BUT THAT NIGHT–
THEY SAY, SHIVAJI HAS FLED THE FORT.


SHIVAJI HAD INDEED LEFT THE FORT. WITH A THOUSAND SELECT SOLDIERS, HE WAS MAKING HIS WAY TO VISHALGADH — THROUGH RAIN AND THUNDER.
ARE THEY ON THE ALERT?
YES SIR, WE ARE BEING CHASED!


A NARROW PASS!
BUT ONCE WE ARE THROUGH, WE REACH VISHALGADH!


GO AHEAD, MASTER. WE WILL REMAIN HERE TO DEFEND THE PASS.
YOU ARE A GREAT SOLDIER, BAJI!


WITH HARDLY SIX HUNDRED MARATHAS UNDER HIM, BAJI FOUGHT THE ENEMY BRAVELY, BUT ALAS...
THIS SHOULD KILL HIM!


BAJI'S WOUND WAS FATAL.
THE CANNON BOOMS FROM A DISTANCE! THAT MEANS THE MASTER HAS REACHED VISHALGADH!
I MAY NOW DIE IN PEACE!


AT PANHALA THE SIDDHI JOHAR'S ANGER KNEW NO BOUNDS!
AND SEE WHAT THE SULTAN WRITES! HE SAYS I DELIBERATELY LET SHIVAJI ESCAPE.


THOUGH THE SIDDHI DID NOT KNOW IT, THERE WERE VERY FEW GUARDS AT PANHALA. SHIVAJI DID NOT WANT THEM TO DIE UNNECESSARILY. SO HE ORDERED THE FORT TO BE HANDED OVER!
AN EMPTY FORT! WHAT CAN I DO WITH IT?

BY THE TIME SHIVAJI RETURNED FROM VISHALGADH, A STILL MORE POWERFUL ENEMY WAS OCCUPYING POONA — SHAYISTA KHAN, THE UNCLE OF EMPEROR AURANGZEB OF DELHI.

SHAYISTA KHAN IS RESIDING IN LAL MAHAL WHERE OUR BELOVED SHIVAJI LIVED AS A BOY !

HOW WE WISH THAT OUR SHIVAJI WERE HERE !

SHAYISTA KHAN HAD POSTED ARMED GUARDS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.

OH ! A MARRIAGE PROCESSION? LET IT PASS !

AS SOON AS THE 'MARRIAGE PROCESSION' REACHED LAL MAHAL —

ATTACK !

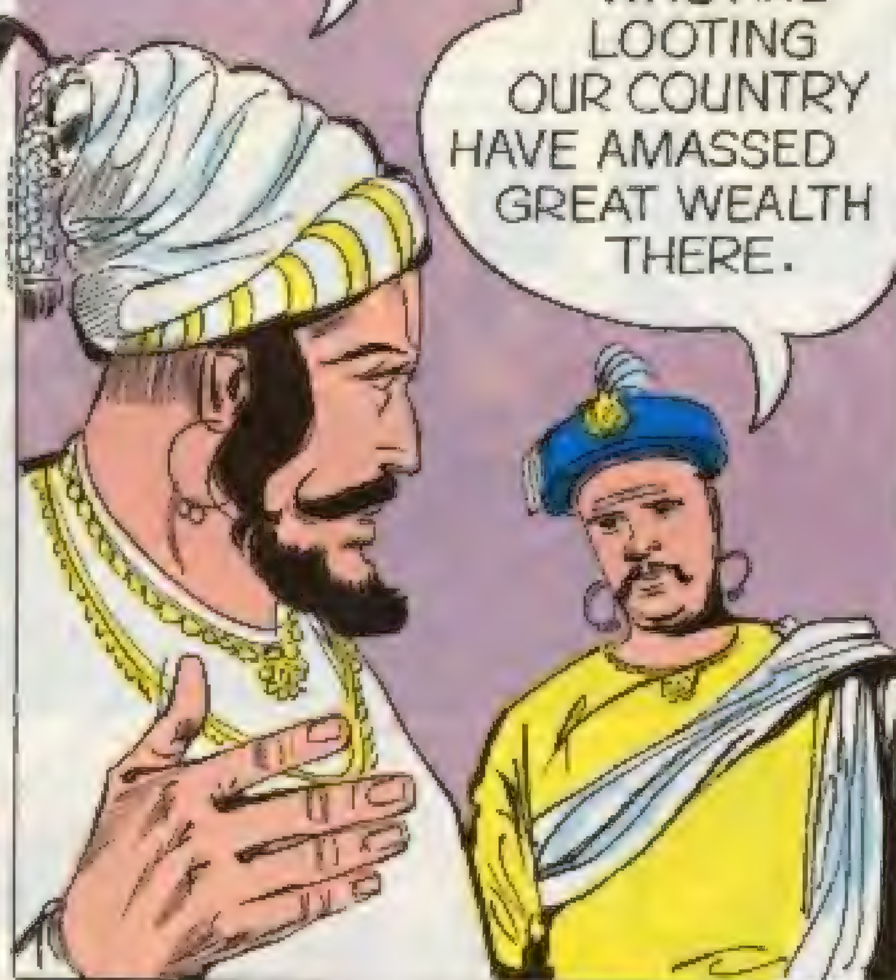

ROOM AFTER ROOM WAS SEARCHED ...


...TILL AT LAST—
HEAVENS! IT'S SHIVAJI!
THERE GOES THE KHAN!


SHAYISTA KHAN ESCAPED, BUT MINUS THREE FINGERS!


THE INCIDENT SHOOK SHAYISTA KHAN TERRIBLY.
THAT SHIVAJI — COMES AND GOES LIKE A GHOST!


SHIVAJI WAS LEFT IN PEACE FOR SOME TIME — BUT ...
WE CAN HAVE NO PEACE TILL COMPLETE FREE-DOM IS OURS!
WHAT WE NEED IS MONEY, MAHARAJ. WARS ARE COSTLY.


MY SPIES TELL ME, THERE IS MONEY IN SURAT.
YES. THE ENGLISHMEN WHO ARE LOOTING OUR COUNTRY HAVE AMASSED GREAT WEALTH THERE.


IT IS ALSO AURANGZEB'S PRESTIGE PORT.


TO SURAT WE GO!

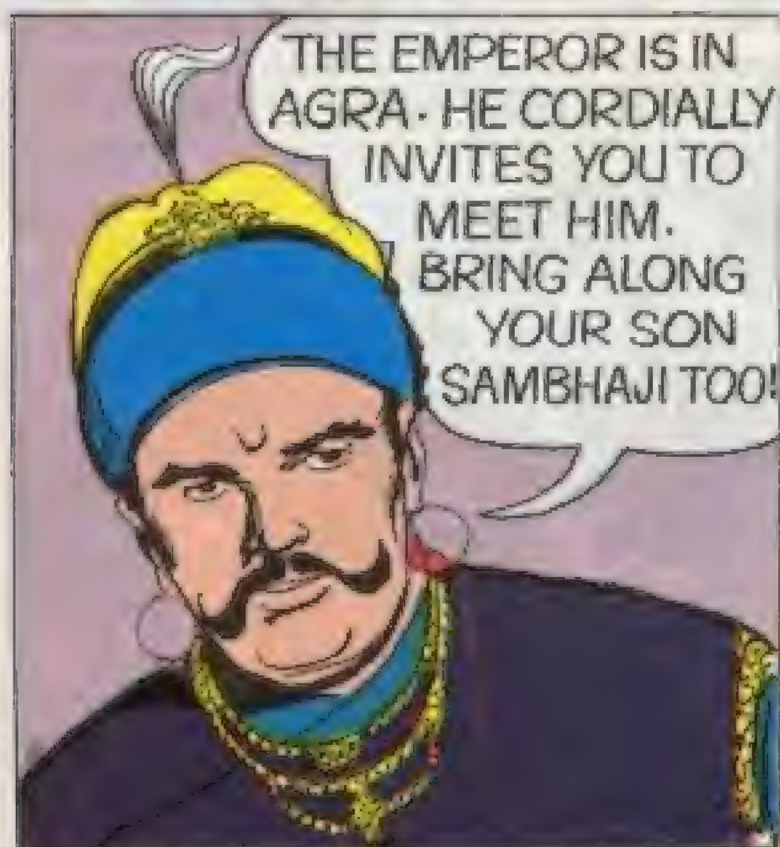

SHIVAJI'S ATTACK ON SURAT WAS AS SWIFT AS LIGHTNING.


FOR FOUR DAYS HE 'SACKED' THE CITY.
DON'T ROB THE POOR!
AND ABOVE ALL DON'T HARASS THE WOMEN!
THEY RETURNED AS QUICKLY AS THEY HAD COME.


AURANGZEB WAS ALARMED.
HE MUST BE CRUSHED! RAJA JAI SINGH, YOU ARE OUR MOST POWERFUL NOBLE. GO AND DEFEAT SHIVAJI.
AS YOUR MAJESTY ORDERS.

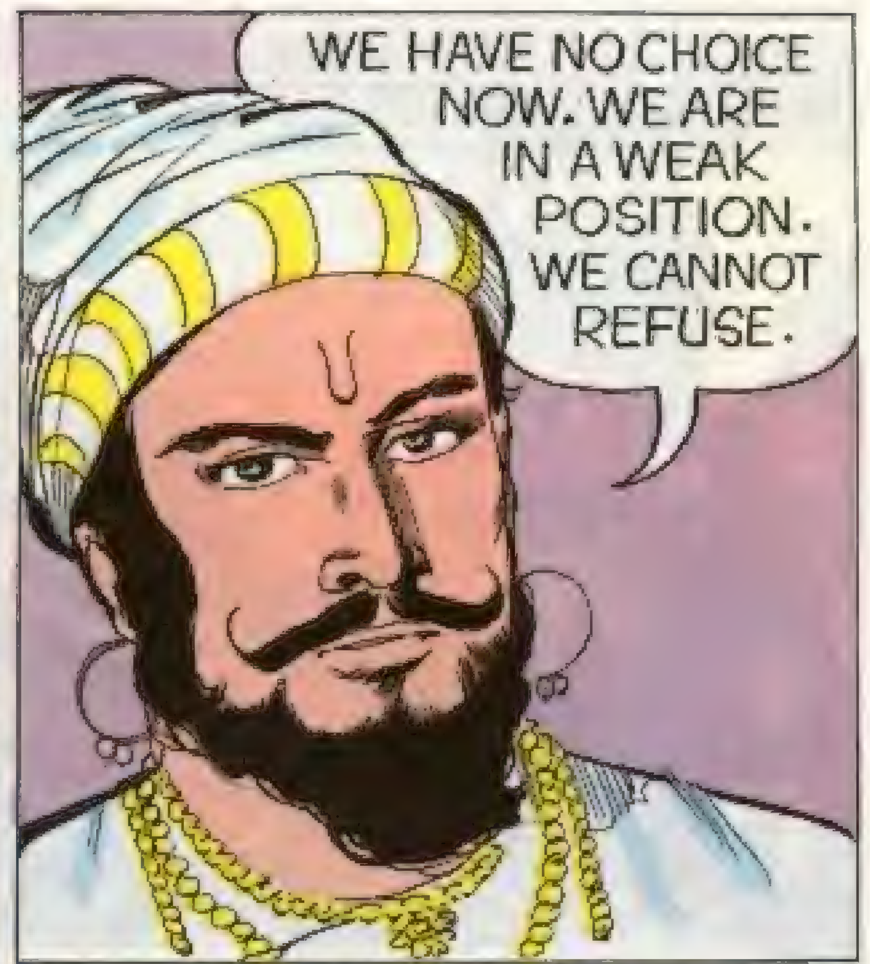

RAJA JAI SINGH MOVED WITH HIS NEW ITALIAN-TRAINED ARTILLERY. HE TOOK FORT AFTER FORT...
THIS IS THE HEROIC FORT PURANDAR... ATTACK!


...TILL SHIVAJI HAD TO MAKE TEMPORARY PEACE WITH JAI SINGH.
SHIVAJI, YOU ARE A BRAVE MAN.
SIR, YOU ARE BRAVER.
BUT YOU'VE SOLD YOUR SOUL TO THE MUGHAL.


THE EMPEROR IS IN AGRA. HE CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO MEET HIM. BRING ALONG YOUR SON SAMBHAJI TOO!


WHAT GUARANTEE IS THERE OF MY SAFETY?
LEAVE THAT TO ME. I LOOK UPON YOU AS MY SON! AND THE EM-PEROR MEANS WELL.


WE DON'T LIKE THIS, MAHARAJ.
HOW COULD YOU RELY ON JAI SINGH'S WORD?


WE HAVE NO CHOICE NOW. WE ARE IN A WEAK POSITION. WE CANNOT REFUSE.


MY SON RAM SINGH WILL LOOK AFTER YOU IN AGRA.


I AGREE, SIR.
MY ONLY WORRY IS FOR MY PEOPLE. MY MINISTERS, YOU MUST ALWAYS CARE FOR THEIR WELFARE.


FOR TWO MONTHS THE PARTY TRAVELLED. AND WHEREVER THEY WENT, PEOPLE LOOKED ON IN WONDER...
THERE HE IS! THE GREAT SHIVAJI.
HE IS GOING TO MEET THE EMPEROR.
HOPE THEY'VE NOT SET A TRAP FOR HIM THERE!

AT LAST—

WELCOME TO AGRA ! THIS IS YOUR GUEST HOUSE.

WHY THE GUARD?

IN YOUR HONOUR AND FOR YOUR SAFETY, SIR!

NEXT DAY-

SO, YOU ARE RAM SINGH ?

YES SIR. TODAY IS THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY. THERE WILL BE A GRAND DURBAR TO WHICH YOU ARE INVITED.

THE FATHER AND SON LEFT FOR THE DURBAR WITH MIXED FEELINGS.



IN THE PALACE, THE GREAT MUGHAL EMPEROR DID NOT SO MUCH AS NOTICE THEM.





HE RUSHED OUT IN A RAGE.

PLEASE ...

NOT A WORD!

SHIVAJI'S REACTION SURPRISED THE EMPEROR.

STRANGE MAN! CALL HIM TOMORROW. I'LL HONOUR HIM AND HIS SON TOO.

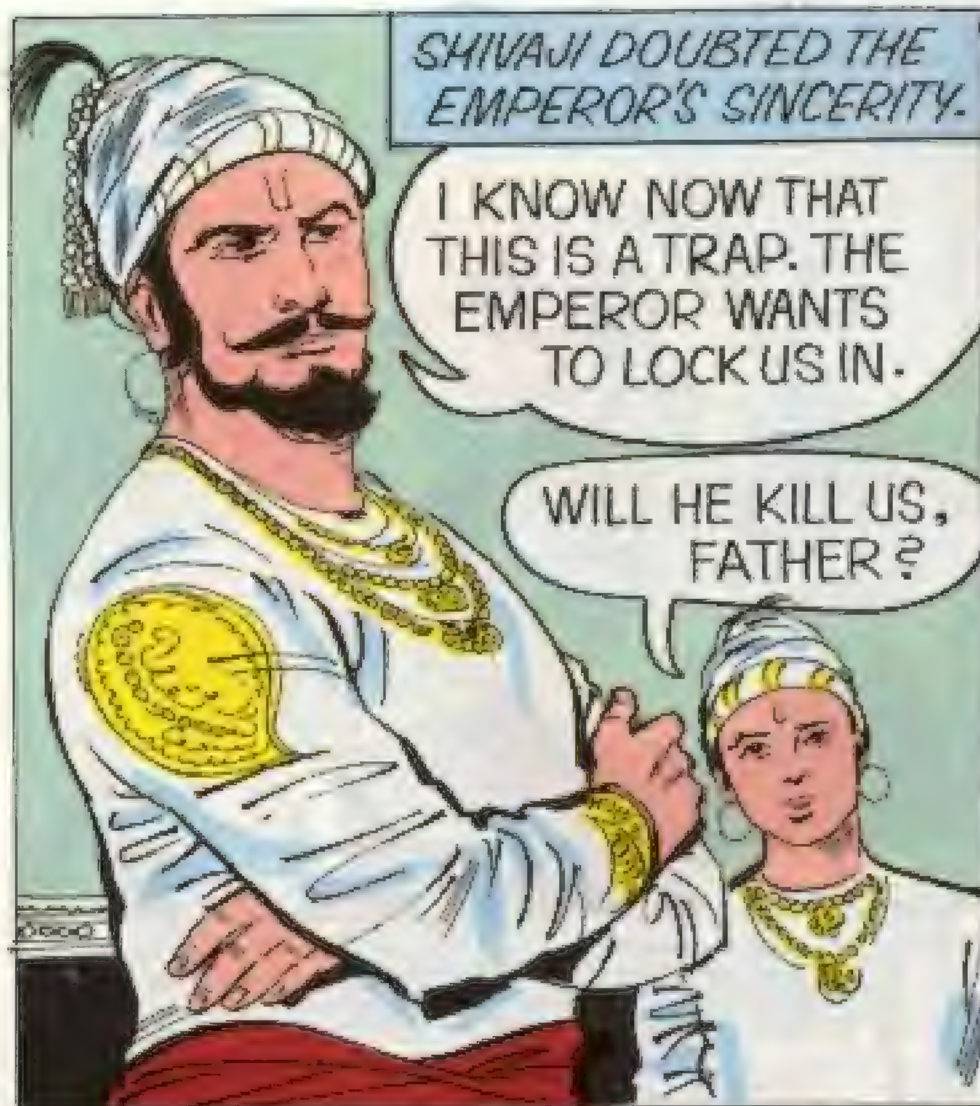
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE.

TELL THE EMPEROR, I HAVE FEVER. I CAN'T COME.

SO SAMBHAJI WENT ALONE TO THE COURT AND RECEIVED ROBES OF HONOUR AND A SWORD.

YOU DIDN'T MAKE A PROPER BOW, MY LAD.

I ONLY BOW BEFORE GOD AND MY MOTHER, SIR!





THEY ARE TO BE GIVEN TO THE POOR!

GOD BLESS OUR KING SHIVAJI! MAY HE RECOVER SOON!

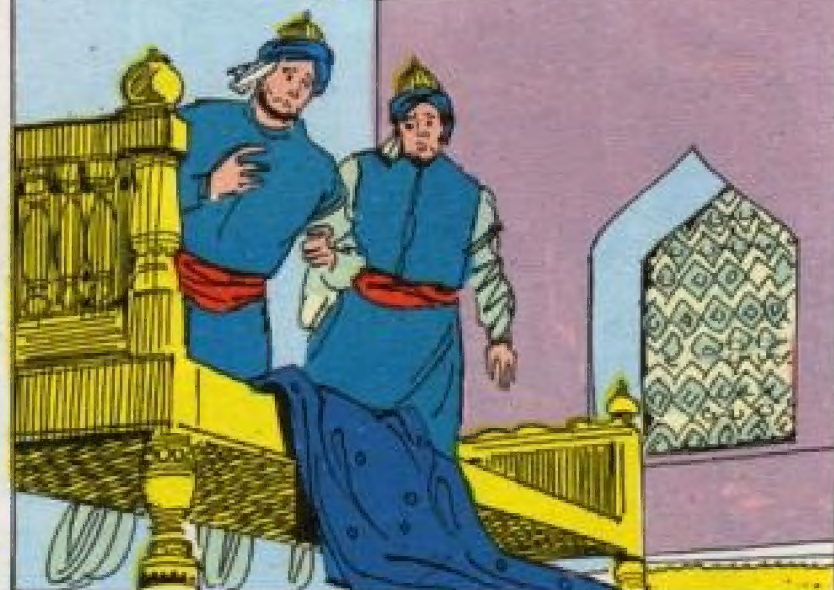

CHECKED. LET IT PASS!


WE NEED NOT CHECK THESE. THEY ARE THE USUAL BASKETS OF SWEETS.


ONE MORNING THE BASKETS CONTAINED SOMETHING ELSE.
GET INTO IT, MY SON! IT'S QUITE ROOMY.


THE WATCHMEN DID NOT EVEN GLANCE AT THE BASKETS.


LATER—
HAVE YOU SEEN SHIVAJI AND SAMBHAJI?
I SAW THEM A MOMENT AGO. THEY ARE FAST ASLEEP.


MY GOD! THERE'S NOBODY THERE!


AURANGZEB FLARED UP IN ANGER.
YOU HAVE ALLOWED SHIVAJI TO ESCAPE! YOU SHALL BE BEHEADED FOR THIS.


HORSEMEN WERE DISPATCHED IN ALL DIRECTIONS, BUT SHIVAJI COULD NOT BE FOUND.


MEANWHILE, IN A LONELY SPOT—
HORSES IN READINESS FOR YOU, MAHARAJ!
I THANK YOU!


CHANGING HIS DISGUISE EVERY NOW AND THEN, SHIVAJI MANAGED TO ESCAPE TO THE SOUTH. EVERYWHERE PEOPLE HELPED HIM.
SAMBHAJI WILL STAY WITH YOU FOR A WHILE.
I AM HONOURED, MAHARAJ!


HE REACHED HOME SAFELY.
OUR BELOVED SHIVAJI HAS COME BACK! SAFE AND SOUND!
GLORY BE TO GOD!

A FEW YEARS AFTER HIS DARING ESCAPE FROM AGRA, SHIVAJI WAS CROWNED KING AT A GRAND CEREMONY AT RAIGADH.



AS A KING HE RULED ONLY FOR FIVE YEARS; BUT THE MARATHA POWER WHICH HE HAD BUILT, FLOURISHED FOR MANY YEARS AFTER HIM.



Illustrated Classics From India

Shivaji

During the seventeenth century, the Mughals reigned supreme over Northern and Central India. In the Deccan endless battles went on between other kings like Adil Shah of Bijapur and chiefs like the Nawab of Janjira. The common man suffered at the hands of the officers as well as the marauding Khans and Sardars. Even the zeal of such fighting races as the Rajputs had been suppressed by centuries of slavery under Mughal rule. Many of them had become mere puppets, holding posts of honour under their royal masters.

At such a period was Shivaji born. He was the son of an incredibly brave father and a wise and loving mother. These two and a teacher named Dadoji were the moulding influences on Shivaji's character. The boy showed an uncommon understanding of the happenings around him. The wicked deeds of the ruling class made him angry and restless. The flame of freedom burnt in the little boy's heart. He collected around him a band of devoted followers and as they grew up they swore to throw off the yoke of alien rule.

How Shivaji carried out his ambitious plans with success, is told in pictures in the following pages.

Editor: Anant Pai

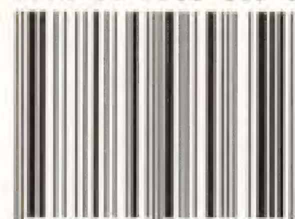
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